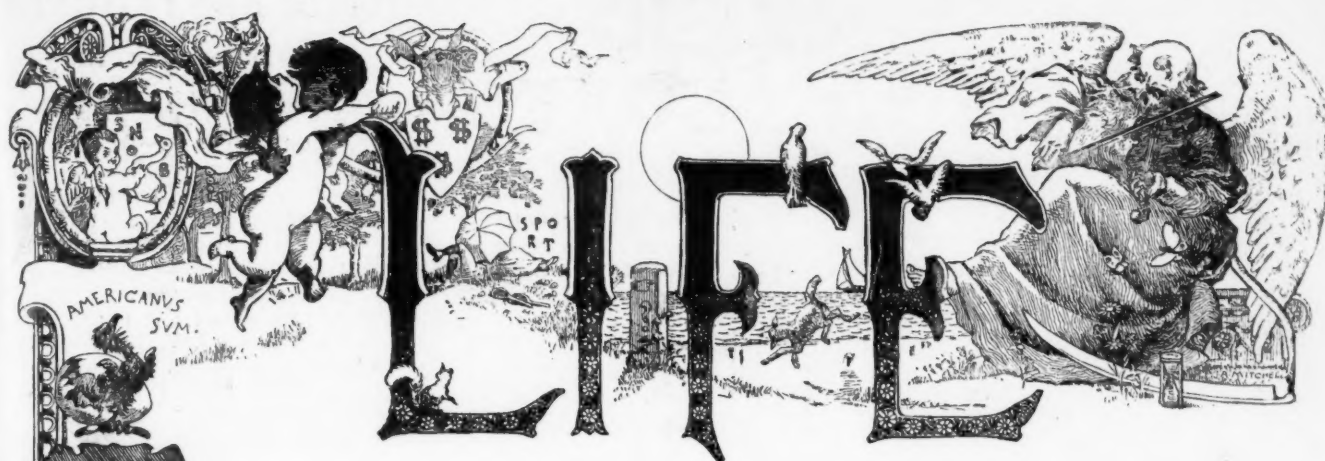


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Mr. Blunt: SHE DIDN'T FEEL QUITE ABLE. SHE WENT TO THE COOKING SCHOOL THIS MORNING, AND YOU KNOW AFTER THE GIRLS GET THROUGH COOKING THEY HAVE TO EAT WHAT THEY'VE MADE.

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A FAIRY TALE.

ONCE there lived a wicked witch,
In a dark and dreadful wood;
She had hair as black as pitch,
And her teeth were far from good.
In the corners of her eyes
Mr. Crow had set his feet;
And, indeed, tho' she was wise,
You could scarcely call her sweet.

With this dire and dreadful dame
Lived the loveliest of girls—
Caramella was her name.
She, of course, had teeth like pearls,
Golden hair and eyes of blue,
Not to mention cheeks of pink—
In short, as like the witch as dew
Is to stylographic ink.

All around the country side,
Stormy nights, the wicked witch
On her flying broom would ride,
Feared alike by poor and rich.

Where'er she cast her evil eye
Children would be seized with fits;
Corn would rot and cows run dry
(Even watchmen lost their wits).

But the lovely Damozel,
Caramella, strange to say,
Wrought an even greater spell,
Tho' in quite another way.
Princes worshipped at her shrine
Till, alas! her ma they saw;
Even princes draw the line
At a witch for mother-in-law.

First among her lovers fine
Was the good Prince Shandigaff;
To the rest as pearls to swine,
Or September wheat to chaff.
He would wed her any day
Were her ma more *comme il faut*;
"Hang it—she's a witch!" he'd say,
"That is quite too awfully low."

So he pined away instead
In some horrid torrid clime;
But he hastened back to wed
Caramella—just in time.
The witch, he'd learned, was one fine day
Of her tricks forever cured
In the good old-fashioned way
(And was heavily insured).

O. H.

BEAUTY'S MECCA.

BELLE (*third season, languidly*): Oh dear, I wish I had been
born an English peeress!

ANOTHER BELLE (*first season*): Why, sweetest—because you
are tired of trying to become one?

A GREAT INDUCEMENT.

MISS BROWN: Why, what's the matter, Mr. Paulus; you
look fatigued—hard work?

MR. PAULUS: No, not that exactly; but I went to
church three times last Sunday—at different churches—and
'twas the same old thing at all three.

MISS BROWN: Why don't you come over to our church?
We have good music, comfortable pews, and not one word
about Robert Elsmere.

ENERGY SUPERFLUOUS.

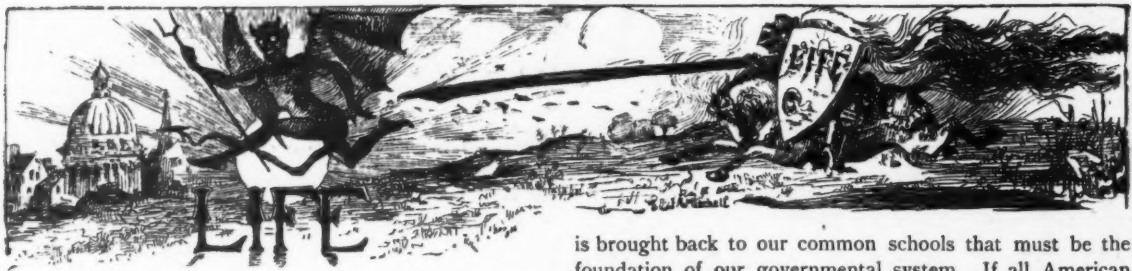
CUSTOMER (*to grocer's boy*): You don't seem to be a
very energetic little boy. Don't you feel well?

BOY: Yes, I feel all right, but the boss is out to lunch!



ANOTHER WONDER.

"WILLIAM CROSSCUT, OF THIS CITY,
WHO WAS NINETY YEARS OLD ON HIS
LAST BIRTHDAY, HAS JUST COMMENCED
CUTTING A NEW SET OF TEETH."



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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POLICE INSPECTOR BONFIELD, of Chicago, in his dealings with the thugs and assassins who call themselves Anarchists, in that city, has shown himself to be a brave man and an able officer, but, nevertheless, he becomes ridiculous when he talks seriously of an organized outbreak on the centennial anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, which occurs next July. The Anarchist leaders are not fools, though the bulk of their following lacks understanding, and the leaders know as well as anybody else that an Anarchist outbreak in any American city on the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, or at any other time, would result in a tremendous accession of business to the Anarchist undertakers. Another affair such as the Haymarket massacre would result in the sweeping of the Anarchists from the continent.

BUT, while no one need fear any real harm to American institutions, or to the security of the Government at the hands of the Anarchists, there is always danger that the cowardly leaders, who incite their ignorant followers to deeds they dare not attempt themselves, may unintentionally precipitate some such another calamity as the Haymarket massacre. There is actual danger, for instance, that some deluded fanatic, who believes that his leaders are in earnest and that the Haymarket thugs are martyrs, may assassinate Judge Gary, Judge Grinnell, or Inspector Bonfield himself, or even dynamite a public building with fatal results. It is for this reason that the Anarchist "Sunday-schools," where growing American children are being taught hostility to Americanism, ought to be suppressed. If the law in Illinois is not sufficient to effect this now, let the law be changed until it shall be in the power of the police to break up all such incendiary institutions.

IT is an injustice to the children whose minds are thus being poisoned by the mercenary wretches who are at the head of the anarchist organization, that they are not protected from the foes of the government under which they must spend their lives. And here again the argument

is brought back to our common schools that must be the foundation of our governmental system. If all American children of foreign parentage were given a common-school education, Anarchy would die of itself in one generation if not augmented from other countries.

SOME more foolish Americans, who dearly love a lord, have been taken in by an impostor, this time in Cleveland, out in the Ohioan wilds. This particular impostor called himself "Lord Vane Tempest," and his was the same game that "Lord Hugh Courtenay" found profitable in Buffalo a decade ago, and in Newark only a twelvemonth since. No well-regulated American can feel much sympathy for the dupes of these bogus noblemen, for the simple reason that they are the victims of their own un-American snobishness. None of the imitation lords who have imposed upon us simple-minded, liberty-loving democrats have come among us with any proper credentials. Each one has only intimidated, in a dark and mysterious manner, that he was of superior clay to the common herd, and then dropped a hint to some truckling ass about a title, and straightway he became a hero. After that he only needed to dress badly and to adopt the manners of an underbred drayman, and his success was assured.

"LORD VANE TEMPEST" seems to have operated the game with a little more cleverness than his predecessors; that is, he did not wait to be exposed. Having partaken of the hospitality of Cleveland and borrowed all the ready money of her generous sons, he departed by night and was seen no more. "Lord Courtenay" was foolish enough to remain until he was found out in both Buffalo and Newark. He was an English groom, but he was shrewd enough to know that his lack of culture and his disregard of the ordinary conventions of polite society were the surest grounds upon which to represent the British aristocrat. There is, at least, one sturdy democrat who came in contact with "Courtenay" who can remember the circumstance with a degree of pride. This was the Buffalo man who could not stand the bogus nobleman's arrogance, though he believed him to be what he represented himself, and ordered him out of his house, bag and baggage. All the rest of "Courtenay's" victims were content to put up with the airs of the masquerading groom—that they would never have countenanced in an American—because they believed him to be a lord. Yea, and verily, the soreness of the dupe of "Courtenay" and "Tempest," who has paid his good American money as the price of the sacrifice of his Americanism and has got only the jeers of a harsh world in return, is well deserved. He should have pity, perhaps, but not sympathy.



THE LADY, OR —?

PILLKINS sat musing in the ghostly fire-light, and his dingy little back room on the third floor seemed hot and stuffy. He walked to his uncurtained window and threw up the sash. How fresh and crisp the air! Beneath a resplendent moon the snow on the shed-roof emitted silvery scintillations. The wilderness of chimney-pots rose like an army of sentinels from the drifts that had collected around them. At the imminent risk of pneumonia he sat on

the sill and contrasted the slumberous silence that brooded over the great city with the din and blare with which innumerable urchins would herald the coming day. Spillkins's reflections on the season turned from the abstract to the concrete, and he took from the sill and critically examined the sole remembrance he had thus far received. That plaque of hammered brass had puzzled Spillkins ever since it came from the express office. He cared nothing for bric-a-brac; but then she had not only remembered him for the moment, she must have been thinking of him constantly while she was doing this *repousse* work. He reproached himself for thinking it ugly. It seemed so churlish. He would compare it with the art-folio in the parlor to-morrow, when the boarders were out, and determine whether the design in relief were St. Peter's, the Pantheon, or the Capitol at Washington. He would hang it under that stolen picture of hers. The kalsomine was defaced by the friction of match-heads there, but he would procure some more harmonious background. Pshaw! She regarded this memento as a bit of commonplace. She considered her act a mere amenity. "Daresay she sent that army fellow her handsomest piece." But how could he know? Sh-h! What was that moving on the roof? Spillkins turned his eyes to the coping of the wall which projected above the roof, and there, his corpulent contour limned against the sky, sat his landlady's cat, keeping the tryst or come-to-time for the nightly duello, and so intently reconnoitering that he had not perceived the statue-like, but hostile, Spillkins. And Spillkins—there flashed through his mind the remembrance of dreams disturbed by many a feline nocturne, and also of the third edition of his bill, spitefully placed under his plate that very morning. Vainly had he lain in ambush for his enemy, futile had been his assaults, and now—the situation was intense. Thrills of inspiration ran along the motor nerves of his right arm, and the prescience of success shone from his eyes. In imagination he saw the heavy but handy disc he held go skimming with unerring accuracy and irresistible momentum towards the hated silhouette on the wall, and heard the delightful thud, in the back area, of a mangled corse. At that moment the feline slogan rang out saucily on the frosty air. Instinctively Spillkins's arm drew back noiselessly, his muscle contracted, and then—he remembered Claribel's plaque. Must he hurl it to destruction? Was there no alternative? The slightest movement would betray his presence, and the shovel, the hair-brush, the soap-dish, and the Indian clubs were out of reach! The projectile is poised; there sits the lusty target.

Will he desecrate the token of interest, perhaps of affection, or will he obey the instinct of antipathy and revenge? Will he sacrifice sentiment to the demands of expediency? Will he accomplish a just reprisal, or will he falter in the face of unparalleled opportunity? Will he respect the symbolism of an inanimate object, or the impulses of his own breast? Which shall sway his will, the Romantic or the Commonplace, the Sentimental or the Practical, the Lady or the Tom-Cat, who shall say? The psychological bearings of the question, and a conscientious recognition of the diversity of human temperament disqualify *us* from answering for another. Scrupulous regard for the sincere and truthful delineation of character forbids us to disguise a real dilemma as an apparent *denouement*. We cannot presume to decide for Spillkins. *He* has all the elements of choice before him. *He* has the plaque in his hand. What will he do with it? He must decide, or we shall go to the country on it! Quick, Spillkins, *the Lady, or the Tom-Cat?*

Eureka Bendall.



DEMENTIA AMORIS.

IN love, all men are just the same,
Both prodigal and absent-minded;
Let Beauty her desire but name,
And common-sense at once is blinded.
There is no difference in caste,
He may possess a pipe or peerage;
Love is a thing that can't be classed—
It travels cabin style or steerage.

A mild insanity, it seems—
A temporary aberration;
The stricken man, as one who dreams,
Is rambling in his conversation.
No heed takes he how runs his purse,
To count expenses savors treason;
He buys enough of silly verse
To make young poets lose their reason.

Oh, you who never yet have felt
These symptoms of a happy lover,
Nor to a blushing girl have knelt,
Nor timidly have leaned above her,
A word with you: When you have found
That only one for whom you tarried,
Don't be engaged a twelvemonth round,
And make yourself a dunce. Get married!

Idle Idyller.

DIDN'T PUSH IT ENOUGH.

"VELL, Shobensky, how vas you gettin' along in the dynamite beezniss?"

"I vas not doin' vell, und so I dropped the dynamite beezniss, Petrasovitch."

"Dat vas de trouble; you didn't drop it hard enough," suggested Petrasovitch.

"Vell, mebbe, mebbe."

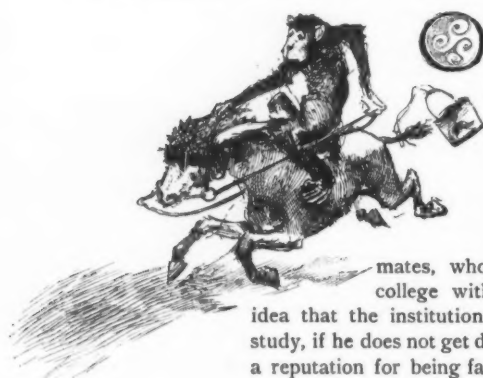


AS TO JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

HE never came an angling,
But to settle up a wrangling
And depart;
But one of Salem's daughters,
Like the angel, stirred the waters
Of his heart.

Who would not be a lover,
A millionaire twice over,
And M. P.?
But as fair as of his choosing
Are the fish that still are musing
In the sea.

THE brutal author of the article in the *North American Review* for this month, on "The Fast Set at Harvard," ought to be shot in the back with a baked apple. He has not the slightest idea of the scope of a collegiate education. What if the student does get drunk and "make this a gentlemanly warrant for insulting women, frightening children, bullying car-conductors, ogling attractive maids, patronizing the anatomical charms of blonde-beauty spectacular shows, making sharpers out of divinity students, and gambling-hells out of card-rooms?" It is all a part of his education, that part, indeed, that he looks backward to with the most zest after leaving college—until he cuts his wisdom teeth. How, forsooth, is the student to become a polished man of the world without having been drunk in the gutter and having spent the night in a police-station, or without having insulted women, bullied car-conductors, and otherwise exaggerated the asininity with which Nature endowed him?



How is the student, whose progenitor is worth millions, and who does not care to work, to prove his superiority to his classmates, who have come to college with the mistaken idea that the institution is intended for study, if he does not get drunk and acquire a reputation for being fast? What business has the student with but one suit of clothes to pose as an equal beside young men whose credit at their tailor's is unlimited, merely because that student happens to possess more brains than the youths who are

laying the foundation for dipsomania? These be burning questions, and the sooner the author of "The Fast Set at Harvard" answers them, the sooner will the storm that rages among the youths who consider that ruffianly conduct does not constitute a ruffian, be quelled.

ONE cannot help admiring the exuberant sense of humor possessed by Mr. Frank Wilson, one of the funniest comedians on this or any other planet. Mr. Wilson is a small man and Mr. Max Freeman is a large one, and as it is well known on the stage to be mirth-provoking "business" when a small man thrashes a large one, Mr. Wilson was moved to give the Chicago public an exhibition, using Mr. Freeman as an illustration. All rumors to the effect that the affair was a quarrel over the chorus lack foundation. It was simply Mr. Wilson's overmastering idea of fun that tempted him to change Mr. Freeman's features around to make a Chicago holiday.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the Great Master of the Manly Art, has got well, visited New York, and it is a safe inference that several other champions of the world will soon be taken sick.

A NEW brand of baking powder is called "Old Hutch." It makes flour rise so quickly.

THE man who turns State's evidence is no ornament to society if he is a peachblow.



A CLUB-WINDOW AND A FEMALE IN SIGHT.



AT THE ACADEMY.

Mr. Broadbrush (a promising painter): GOOD-MORNING! MRS. BUDROSE; GOOD-MORNING! MISS VIOLET. YOU MUST EXCUSE ME, LADIES, BUT I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU ADMIRE MY PICTURE.

Both Ladies (suddenly and without thought): OH, MR. BROADBRUSH, I HOPE YOU DIDN'T HEAR WHAT WE SAID!

GIVING FULL WEIGHT.

TTEAMSTER: Mrs. Pancake complains that the last ton of coal you sent her seems to be very light.

COAL-DEALER: All right. Just shovel some slate into the next load—she'll find that heavy enough!

A NEEDY TRAMP—Walking home for lack of car-fare.

CITY AND COUNTRY.

ROBERT (*as he dolefully gazes up the muddy Squeehawket road*): Surely, you're not going to walk from the station, Uncle Abner! Can't we get a team somewhere?

UNCLE ABNER: Why, you ain't skeered at a little mud, are ye? After a year's travelin' in the dug-up streets of N'York, I should think ye'd take to it like a duck!

LET US HOPE SO.



OMMIE: Do you suppose General Harrison is a betting man, Mama?

MAMA: I don't know, dear. Why?

TOMMIE: Because if he is, perhaps he bet a new hat on the election, and then, you

know, he won't have to wear that horrid old thing of his grandfather's in Washington.

A STEP-MOTHER—The leader of the ballet.



THIS IS NOT A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, BUT



AN AUTUMN SNOOZE.

BOOKISHNESS

"THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP," AND SOME HOLIDAY BOOKS.

IF one may say it, there is a movement brewing to "Browningize" the works of George Meredith. Already the "Meredith cult" is spoken of; we are told, with considerable awe and mystery, that here is 'rich ore that must be mined,' and the impression is made that only those gifted with a kind of *clairvoyance* need venture into the mine with the hope of finding treasure. This assertion of a kind of mental superiority in the disciples is always a forerunner in New England of the organization of "clubs" and "circles" where the elect meet to glorify the works of the Master. That Meredith, the bitter satirist of Systems and Fine Shades and Nice Feelings, should himself be made a fetch in the temple of these idols is an incongruity that calls for Voltairian ridicule.

WE had hoped that this spirit would be wanting in "The Pilgrim's Scrip: Wit and Wisdom of George Meredith" (Roberts Brothers). But the fifty pages of Introduction are filled with Brahminical utterances, of which the following are examples: "He is a coiner of brilliant phrases, which he throws at us with all the insolence of prodigality;" "They are collections of precious stones, gathered from an experience which is world-wide;" "Both Meredith and Browning recognize the full 'value and significance of flesh;'" "Mr. Meredith's conception of the spiritual life is less tangible and less personal than that of Mr. Browning;" "It is no theological, anthropomorphic, or even incarnate deity that brings Meredith strength and peace;" "He has a vast ungoverned fury of creative energy."

This is probably the kind of exegesis which the Cult want, and if it helps them to a right appreciation of Meredith, they ought to have it. They will probably never see that almost everything which he has written is a protest against that culture which has for its only fruit a species of sentimentalism which delights in Fine Shades and Systems, and dwarfs the natural man.

THE collection of aphorisms, epigrams, and philosophical reflections which makes the bulk of this little book, is fairly well chosen, from the compiler's point of view. It will be more interesting to one well read in Meredith than enticing to the neophyte. The samples give as dim an idea of his novels as a specimen brick gives of a cathedral.

Meredith is great enough to stand this sort of thing from the Disciples. They are of the kind who judge an organ from the rich carving of its case and gilding of its pipes.

THE most interesting part of the introduction is the biographical sketch, which gives a glimpse of the author's personality. It is a pardonable curiosity in his admirers to want to know more of him. The impression made by these few facts is that Meredith is much like Henry James's "Author of Beltraffio." The coincidence is striking enough to lead to speculation in regard to how much James knew of Meredith, years ago, when "Beltraffio" was written.

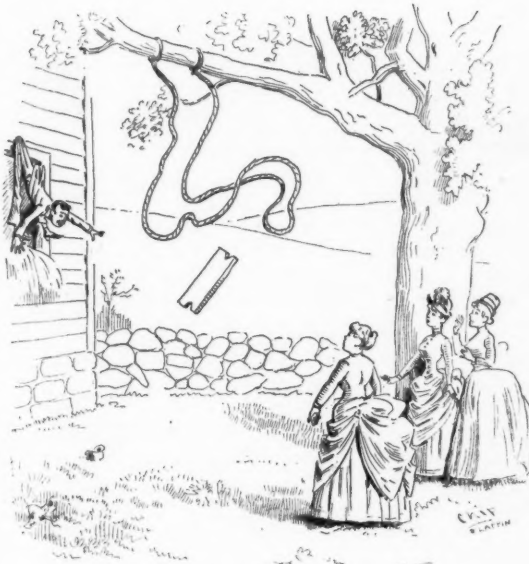
IN the multitude of books which the holiday season is calling out, there are many which deserve more space than can be here given them.

Among the illustrated books is a handsome edition of E. E. Hale's famous story of "The Man without a Country" (Roberts Brothers). There are forty skilfully-drawn pictures by F. T. Merrill.

Two very elaborately illustrated books for younger readers come from



THIS SHOWS HOW IT IS POSSIBLE FOR A YOUNG MAN
WITHOUT INFLUENCE OR MONEY TO ATTAIN



A HIGH POSITION.

LOST CONTROL OF HIMSELF.

"WAS Macer very excited when you told him he was a beat?"

"He must have been. He paid me the money he owed me."

Estes & Lauriat. Lieut. J. R. Soley, an excellent writer, is the author of "Sailor Boys of '61," which contains many dramatic episodes in the history of the navy in the Civil War. Mrs. E. W. Champney writes of "Great-grandmother's Girls in New Mexico"—a story of the Spanish missions in that region two hundred years ago.

Ticknor & Co. have issued, in a well-printed volume, the very interesting "Letters of Felix Mendelssohn to Ignaz and Charlotte Moscheles" (fully illustrated). Two popular songs of the Civil War, "Nelly was a Lady," and "Marching through Georgia," have been published by the same firm, on heavy plate paper, with illustrations by Charles Copeland.

Scribner's have made an attractively printed volume of Mr. Stimson's social satire, "First Harvests." The same firm have issued, with abundant illustration, a fascinating story for young people, by Thomas Nelson Page, entitled "Two Little Confederates."

The Putnam publications include two substantially made volumes of "Proverbs, Maxims and Phrases of all Ages," compiled with diligence and discrimination by Robert Christy; "Three Greek Children," by Rev. A. J. Church, a story of life in Athens two thousand years ago, with plates in two colors; and in the elegant Knickerbocker Nuggets series, "The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius," from the translation of George Long.

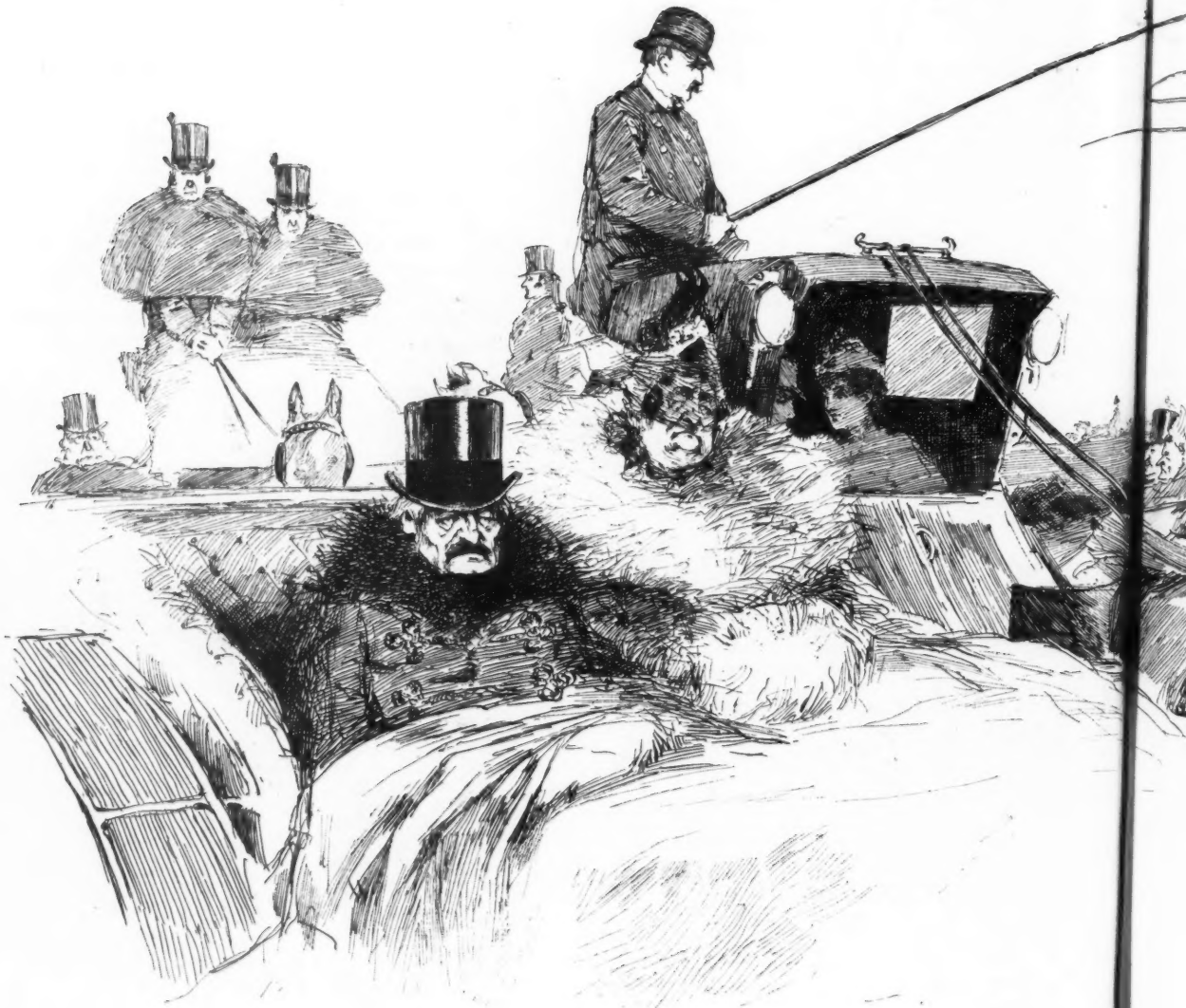
Droch.



Mrs. W.: WHAT ARE YOU DOING, DEAR?

Mr. W.: Musing on the INFINITE.

Mrs. W.: YOU MUST STOP IT. YOU'LL GO CRAZY IF YOU KEEP YOUR MIND FIXED ON YOUR DEBTS.



A CENTRAL MARK

WHY IS IT THAT THE HAPPY FACES ARE TO BE SEEN IN THE HIRED CONVEYANCE WHILE T



TRAIL MARK PUZZLE.

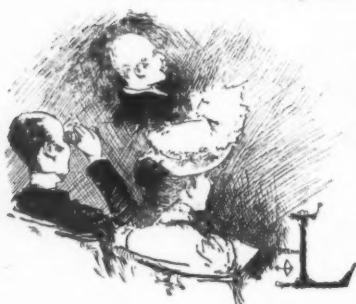
CONVEYANCE WHILE THOSE IN THE "GAY TURN-OUTS" ARE SO OFTEN HARD AND COMMONPLACE?



DRIFT.

"PARTNERS," by Robert Buchanan, makes way this week for "Captain Smith," at the Madison Square Theatre. Mr. Buchanan called his play a comedy-drama. There was not enough of comedy to make it successful in that aspect, and the drama part lacked strength. Even with the excellent acting of Mr. Palmer's company, notably that of Messrs. Salvini, Stoddard and Holland, the play could not be made to take with New York audiences.

THERE is trouble at the Eden Musée. Queen Victoria bounced into the manager's office shortly after the Lord Sackville episode, and said that she would leave the company if she were obliged to sit next to Grover Cleveland any longer. She was somewhat pacified by the promise of an increase of salary and assurances that Benjamin Harrison would soon be given Mr. Cleveland's place among the "World's Rulers." This accounts for the truculent look which visitors to the Musée have observed in the President's face.



LOTTERIES may be against the law, but "The Lottery of Love" at Daly's Theatre continues to draw night after night, and week after week. Where's Mr. Antonio Comstock?

BRITISH brawn and muscle, as exemplified in the young women of the London Gaiety Theatre, now playing in burlesque at the Standard, is not so superior to American plumpness and suppleness after all. The United States does not need a protective tariff on imports of this kind.

IF every New England farmer could turn his old homestead into such a gold mine as Denman Thompson has his, there would be less complaint about the New England farmer's hard lot. "The Old Homestead" at the Academy is panning out at the rate of \$8,000 a week.

THE public at large has seconded LIFE's opinion of "The Yeomen," and crowds the Casino nightly. The opera gains rather than loses upon repeated hearing.

SOCIETY NOTE.—The many friends of "Mr. Barnes, of New York," will regret to learn that he has left the city in search of green fields and pastures new.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT'S dramatic youngster, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," takes the place of "Mr. Barnes, of New York," at the Broadway. Every one who has the price of admission can gain opportunity to see him, which advantage will be duly appreciated by the large contingent of New Yorkers who dearly love a lord.

"SWEET LAVENDER" is proving a good crop for the Lyceum management, and there seems to be no immediate prospect of its going to seed.

"WADDY GOOGAN" continues to win double laurels for Mr. Edward Harrigan as dramatist and actor. It may not pay to be a literary hack, but it certainly pays Mr. Harrigan to be a dramatic hackman.

Metcalfe.



LE POURQUOI.

THE gossips are wondering why I refused him—
The catch of the season, who, toothless and old,
A poor wheezy Croesus, asthmatic, dyspeptic,
Is steeped to the eyebrows in silver and gold.

I let them ascribe to me loftiest motives,
Well pleased to make capital out of my woes;
And no one has guessed that I couldn't accept him,
For the best of all reasons—he didn't propose!

M. E. W.

SETTLED BEFOREHAND.

DANIEL: I'm glad to see that you brace up, sire, and play the king.

THE PRESIDENT: That's all right, Daniel, but Harrison has played the ace.

REFLECTIONS.

MR. KEELY, the motor gentleman, is out on bail. It is reported that he resented his imprisonment and stigmatized his prosecutors with epithets. Mr. Keely has no sort of an opinion of gentlemen who disregard the beams that are in their own eyes and busy themselves with the mote(r) that is in his. Mr. Keely has our sympathy. Sometimes we have been conscious of witticisms that were there, but wouldn't crystallize. The Philadelphia inventor should observe, however, that the fellows whose jokes *never* go off find it hard to dispell the imputation of dullness.

A BOSTON woman who has read "The Quick and the Dead" admits that it suits her, and has written to the *Transcript* to say so. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

GREETING the holiday season, let us compliment Mr. Stevenson upon his charming Christmas sermon in *Scribner's*, and take our hats off to Mr. Howells for what he says in *Harper's* Study about Christmas literature. Obviously, neither of these gentlemen has any notion of lending his support to the proposed change which would make Christmas commemorate the shedding of the tail of a pre-Adamite ape. Mr. Stevenson sums up the impossibilities of life with the wisest concomitant suggestions, and with conclusions that are full of solace. Mr. Howells, writing as one whose business it is to be expert in current literature, says:

"Oddly enough, after a period of scientific exaltation, in which it seemed as if man might really live by the nebular hypothesis alone, if he could but have a little help from the missing link, the new Christmas literature denies that there is anything of life everlasting in these things, and it reverts openly to the New Testament as the sole source of hope and comfort."

So far as we can judge of Christmas this year, by its literature, we are going to have our "Hamlet" with the *Prince of Denmark* left in.

A PROPOS of the Rucker-Blackburn row, as illustrative of certain objectionable Kentucky characteristics, a judicious contemporary suggests that blue grass is a splendid plant, but that there has always been too much of it growing in the paths of peace.

Senator Blackburn thus far has ignored "Judge" Rucker's challenge. If he persists in ignoring it, he will have the merit

of setting an excellent example to himself, to Rucker, and all the other Kentuckians and ex-Kentuckians extant. A grown man who challenges another grown man to fight a duel, ought to be spanked with a slipper, like a bad child. It is intolerable that adults should be so silly.

E. S. M.



Mrs. Selby: DOCTAH, DE CHILE DUN GONE SWALLER 'R PINT OB INK.

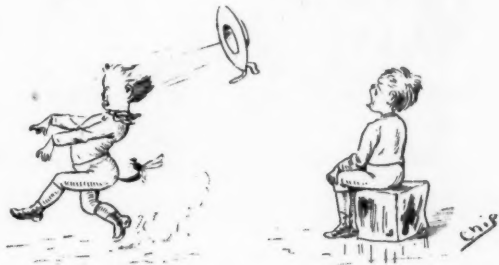
Doctor: HAB YO' DUN ENNYDING FO' DE RELIEF OB 'IM?

Mrs. Selby: I'SE DUN MADE 'IM EAT FREE SHEET OB BLOTTIN'-PAPER, DOCTAH. WAS DAT RITE?



CARRIED TO HIS BIER.

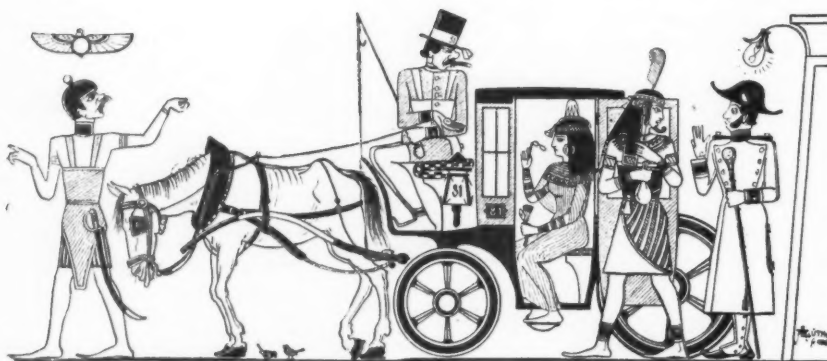
WHAT THE NAUGHTY HORNET DID TO THE GOOD LITTLE BOY.



A MUSICAL TEA.

IN THE YEAR 1888 B. C.

(Ancient Egyptian mural paintings from the ruins of Carnak.)



Arrival at the house of the host in a second-class coupe, for which first-class fare is demanded.

AN interpretation of these highly interesting pictures, representing the manners and culture of gray antiquity, is given up by Professor Ibis in his latest essays. He says:

"We have here to do with the narrative of an Egyptian ambassador, who, being called to the court of a small German capital during the time of Egyptian supremacy, had an opportunity to observe the peculiarity and high development of the customs of that country. In gratitude for the distinguished and elegant attentions that he received, and for the perpetuation of these impressions upon the Egyptian mind, he caused several particularly characteristic episodes of his German sojourn to be pictorially represented, after sketches and notes of his own, in the family tomb, according to the custom of his fathers."

We present here an exact reproduction of one of these paintings, entitled "A Musical Evening Tea at the House of the Counselor of Commerce," to which is subjoined the translation by Professor Ibis of the accompanying hieroglyphic inscriptions:



Opening number: "Love's Anguish," from "Tristan und Isolde," rendered by Mrs. and Miss von Hohence, with accompaniment by Director Pedalophsky.

N.B.—The piano is from the Museum of Industrial Arts at Thebes.

The Tea: entertainment, with conversation by the cream of society.



Execution of a quartette, with a cello solo by the ten-year-old virtuoso, Carlino, with the effects of the same upon the educated and uneducated ear.

Closing symphony in the smoking-room. The first real pleasure and the first real man of the evening.

(From the *Fliegende Blätter*.)



WE TRUST NOT.

MUST the mouldy, musty jokelets,
Treating of the dark Salt River,
Like the waters of that river
Murmur on and on forever?

—Nebraska State Journal.

"SAY," said the subordinate to the editor of the new paper, "the *Bugle* here says our first issue gives evidence of no more brains than a sheet of fly-paper, and that the wax dummy who edits it ought to have embarked in the fish business." "The *Bugle* man," returned the editor with some warmth, "is a perambulating insane asylum, and hasn't brains enough to sit on a board and watch a game of baseball. The *Bugle* is about the poorest apol—" "Oh, by the way," interrupted the subordinate, "I've got 'em mixed. It is the *Banner* that has made the uncomplimentary remark. The *Bugle* gives us a good notice—says our initial number fairly scintillates with brilliant and original ideas, and bears the impress of genius in every line." "Clip the notice and run it under the head of 'Praise from Sir Hubert,'" said the pleased editor.—Norristown Herald.

O MAIDEN! does he love another? O Youth! has she rejected you? What does it matter? The Christmas number of LIFE is now out to tickle your nerves and warm your heart!

Dr. D. G. Brinton, Philadelphia, says: "After trying any number of soaps, we have settled down on **Packer's Tar Soap** as the best of all, whether as a toilet or a surgical soap. It is remarkably pure, cleansing, and healing; it is excellent in a large variety of skin diseases, among which we particularly name seborrhoea of the scalp, dandruff, chafing, and itching, all of them very common and very obstinate. It contains the balsamic virtues of the pine in a high degree, and is soft and refreshing to the skin."—Vide *Medical and Surgical Reporter, Phila.*

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Goya Lily.



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OLD PHILADELPHIAN (out for the morning air, kindly): Well, my young woman, I see you're scrubbing down the steps.

YOUNG WOMAN: Yis, sorr (aside to her companion). Do yez moinde thot, Bridget; he axes if we be's scrubbin' down the steps; do you s'pose the old Broadbrim thinks we be a sayin' av our prayers?—*Epoch.*

O MAIDEN! does he love another? O Youth! has she rejected you? What does it matter? The Christmas number of LIFE is now out, to tickle your nerves and warm your heart!

"I LOVE your daughter, sir."
"What chance have you in life?"
"Only one."
"And—that is?"
"The chance that you may give your consent."
"Take her, my son!"
"Merci, papa."—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

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